

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically do forethinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence bene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would say, Where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
And drest my selfe in such humilitie,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.
The shipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash hauiwits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their scarnes,
And gaue his countenance against his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardlessse vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enscost himselfe to popularitie,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taste of sweetenesse, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much
So when he had occasion to be
He was, but as the Cuckow is in
Heard, not regarded: seene, but
As sicke and blunted with com
Affoord no extraordinarie gaze
Such as is bent on Sun-like Ma
When it shines seldome in adm
But rather drowzd, and hung th
Slept in his face, and rendred su
As cloudy men vse to doe to the
Being with his presence glutted,
And in that very line, Harry, sta
For, thou hast lost thy princely p
With vile participation. Not an
But is aweary of thy common sig
Saue mine, which hath desired t
Which now doth that I would n
Make blinde it selfe with foolish

Prin. I shall hereafter, my th
Be more my selfe. King.
As thou art to this houre, was R
When I from France set foot at L
And euen as I was then, is Percy
Now, by my scepter, and my so
He hath more worthy interest to
Then thou, the shadow of succe
For of no right, nor colour like t
He doth fill fieldes with harness
Turns head against the Lyons ar
And being no more in debt to ye
Leads ancient Lords, and reueren
To bloody battels, and to bruisin
What neuer dying honour hath h
Against renowned Dowglas? W
Whose hot incurfions, and great r
Holds from all souldier: chiefe ma
And militarie title capitall